

Polit. Pamphlet vol 88.
March and October,

A

DIALOGUE.

Vendidit hic Auro Patrem, Dominumq; potentem

Imposuit: fixit Leges pretio atque refixit.

Virgil.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXII.

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DIARY

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L O M D O M

Printed in the Year 1901

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE Persons introduc'd in the following Dialogue, are not likely to give Offence to any One, since there is no Particular Likeness intended, and as to Generals, the Conversation runs on very fairly, and both Sides are treated with equal Freedom. If it seems to turn more in favour of one than of the other, 'tis the weight of Truth only that gives it the Advantage, and we can never be so wretched, as to live in Times when what is true can offend.

If the Coat fits any Body, there it is for him; If no Body, this is not the first Chimera that has come from the
Press

Press, which indeed furnishes us every Day with Visions and Monsters, the Children of Fear, Malice, Pride, Interest and Revenge. All the Furies have been, and I am affraid are still at work for us. Discord began it, and which of 'em will end it, who can tell? Peace does not seem to be made for such Company. If we have it Abroad, I hope we shall be as happy at Home; and the surest way to be so, is to let Reason guide us in the Injoyment of that Liberty, which is our Birth-right, and which we can never lose, if we are not our selves weary of it.

A

A
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

March *and* October.

October. I 'M very sorry, Brother *March*, there should be any Difference between You and Me. I was in hopes, if you had stood by me, to have routed all the Confederate Liquors, from *Tockay Wine* to *Brunswick Mum*, and to have establish'd the Empire of Malt the Manufacture of *Britain*.

March. Very likely, indeed, you began well, it must be own'd, and to shew your Aversion to Foreigners, you were presently for bringing in the *French, Champagne, Burgundy, Hermitage, Bourdeaux*, and all the rest of them, but were so affraid of a little Beggarly *Baccarach*, because it came from the *Palatinate*, that I thought you would have made me run out of my Wits about it. I'm
B ashamed

asham'd of you, Brother *October*, and unless you mend your Manners, I'll have no more to do with you.

October. You know very well how close the Country Clergy have stuck to us upon all Occasions, that for our sakes they have ventur'd every Thing, Wives, Children, Health, Reputation; and shall we leave them in the Lurch, as those damn'd Antimonarchical *Stums* did in the late Times? Shall we not by our joynt Labours inspire them with sound Doctrine, and enflame their Zeal? What can I do, if you desert me? D'ye think 'tis possible for them to live half a Year on Sage Tea and Small Beer? What will become of them when I'm worn out with the Fatigues of the Winter, and am spent in the Common Cause? Trust me, Brother, if you are such a Fool as to hearken to *Old Hock* and *Geneva*, we shall be in more Danger than we were in *Noll's* Days, when Drunkenness was as bad as Blasphemy.

March. I hate *Hereford* mortally, and you were not satisfy'd with entring into an Alliance with *Claret*, you must coaks and grow fond of *Cyder* too, a poor, hungry, starving Tipple, good for nothing but to breed Cholicks and Consumptions.

October. That's all Grimace. If I'm civil to *Cyder*, 'tis to please Fools and Hypocrites, who take its Smiles for Innocence, and its Froth for Spirit. The Humour will not last long, when that's over, you shall see me deal with it as I would with its

Ori-

Original a rotten Apple, and condemn it to the Wash Tub.

March. There's no trusting you. You promis'd me on the Word of a Gentleman you would never have any Correspondence with *Ratiffa*, *Fenouillet*, *L'eau de Barbade*, *Tea Alamode*; in short, that no Courtier should come into your Company, and without my Consent you introduc'd *Punch*, the very worst of 'em all. A Composition of hot and cold, sweet and sour, never frolicksome, but 'tis frantick; a constant Friend to false Wit and false Courage, and who of late is in league with Cyder, that with more subtilty and success it may steal upon Men's Understandings, and rob 'em of the use of their Senses.

October. Nay, now you are out with a Vengeance. *Punch* is allow'd to be one of the briskest Beverages ever was; it was bred up under a Sea Chaplain, and has had the Advantage of Travelling. 'Tis true, People did not much admire it Abroad, and it met with some Disgraces, but doubtless it was for its Zeal against Popery, which as in every thing is always fiery and outrageous: Besides, it was never known to abet *Faction* and *Schism*, though *Flip* its Grandfather was an old Roundhead, neither can any one charge it with delighting in War. It has always gone right, constantly adher'd to the Church Interest and Land Interest. It ever had the Nine in Ten of its side, and I don't know what you or I have more to brag of.

March. I am *Tom Telltroth* of *West Saxony*. I abhor double Dealing. I am for no jumbling, mixing, and confounding. *Punch* to me is the damn'dst Medley in the World. It has done more Mischief than Water-gruel or Element; I never had to do with it but once, and then I was as mad as one of my own Hares, and fit for nothing but *Bedlam*, or a Bawdy House.

October. Let me tell you, Sir, *Punch* is a Politician, and if you'll be rul'd by it, 'twill make your Fortune. Come, come, 'tis one thing to be at a Randying, and another to be at the Club. The Fountain in the *Strand* is another guess Place than the Bear at *Bramber*. I vow and swear I don't care if I never see *Sussex* more; one can have no Claret therewithout Murder: You must first beat the Owners Brains out; but here are your *Vin d'ay*, *Frontiniac*, *La Tour*, *Margou*, *Ha Boy*! as Frank as a *Post Boy* to the Parson. And that's not all too. What sayst thou, *Old March*, is not this better than brewing of Grains in *Dorsetshire*?

March. No faith, I'm Heart of Oak; I love every thing that's Church but the Weather-cock. Prithee how came you and I here? Was it not in Defiance to all Profit and Preferment, to detect Plunderings lower Taxes, and beat the *French* out of *Spain*. I am in earnest, *Philip* should not have a Foot of it if I could help it. I hate any thing that's *French* but the War. I'll rather double the Malt than old *Lewis* shall make Fools of us after we have bang'd him about these ten Years.

October

October. You are a Simpleton, the *French* King is the best Friend we have : I'm told for certain, that Beer and Tobacco are in the high Mode at *Paris*, and that a great Minister gets Drunk every Day in a Cellar to show what a kindness he has for our Country. You must not believe a Word of the Exorbitant Power of *France*, nor the Stories they tell you of their Ambitious Designs. 'Tis all Cant, he never meant us nor any Body any Harm in all his Life, but the Devil take the *Dutch* and their Barrier, I say.

March. Hey dey, Barrier, what's that? Is it a Tun or a Kilderken? You are so full of your *French* now. How do you know what a Barrier is? For my Part I care for those Butterboxes no more than you do. I was for both the *Hollands* Wars; but I saw at last what it was they meant by it, and was as much for the *Revolution* as any one.

October. *Revolution*——, Lord Brother, if this is all you have learnt in *Town* these two Years, 'tis pity it should be troubled with you. *Revolution*——, will you never know what Words are in use, and what not? Did you not sign the Addreses as well as I? What d'ye think we put in *Jure Divino*, Hereditary, Indefeazible and Unalienable? Was it out of Complement to King *William* and Queen *Mary*, or the House of *Hanover*? *Revolution*—— the Fellow will turn Whig if he goes on at this rate.

March

March. I'm for every thing with an Epithet, An old Whig, a good Peace, and so forth. I'm no more a Whig than your self. There's not a Pin in the Church that I will not stand by; I was for adding Fifty Pounds more to the Advertisement, tho we had made a gathering for't. But don't tell me, if King *James* had staid we had been all Papists. We set him aside, that's plain—— We made his Son and Daughter King and Queen. They made us Justices of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenants, and Commissioners of the Shores; and if they were not a good King and a good Queen we were Rebels. Look ye, I can sign an Address upon occasion as well as another. But I say the Revolution was a good Revolution, and the Protestant Succession is a good Protestant Succession, I'm for no Popish King and no Pretender.

October. Pretender, Ha ha ha—— One would think he came from *Shetland*, where they never hear of a King till 20 Years after he is dead.

March. How now, Autumn, thou art grown a bold *Eritton*, and talkst Treason as freely as dost Bawdy. What dost thou make no more of an Act of Parliament than of an old Almanack; 'tis the forfeit of thy Neck by Word or Writing to attack the *Hanover* Succession. I find thou hast learnt of our Friend *Abel*, 'tis but hanging at last; a short Life and a merry one. Faith, I'm glad I have cleared my self of thee. A Man is known by his
Follows

Fellows ; this will make fine Work one time or other ; I wish the Country knew as much of thee as I do. The Doctor's Eye-water is like that of other Quacks, it mends at first, and blinds afterwards. A good Peace will open all our Fyes.

Octo'ber. Thou'rt already become Incorrible. A good Peace again—— I tell thee the Q——'s Peace is the Toast, we drank nothing else at *Merchant-Taylor s-Hall*.

March. The Q——'s Peace, why that's a good Peace. An Equitable Peace—— A Peace that answers all our Treaties. Her Majesty has again and again told you, that's Her Peace, and now out of pretended Respect you would give that Name to a single, scandalous, ruinous Peace ; in short to your own Peace, from whom nothing can come that's good. Prithee don't palm upon me, nor Affront the Q——n, by putting Her Royal Name to your hateful Projects—— I know ye, and have had enough of ye.

October. What dost thou know of us which we do not know of thee? Have we n t been in the Secret together? Hast thou not gone with us hitherto in Country and Town? What art affraid of? The ruin'd Party dare not shew their Heads, wilt thou be so mad as to take to a House when tis tumbling. The best on't is, the Vicar has a whole Vacation to work upon thee, and the Church is not yet so safe, but another Desertion might undo all we have been doing for Her.

March

March. That won't do. 'Tis too stale; you frightened me with the Danger of the Church a Year or two ago; so perpetually were you buzzing it in my Ears, that I began to think there was something in it. But it was a Bite, and the Church was all the while as safe as now, we have butterasted it up with a Conformity Bill. Pray what have you done for the Clergy besides helping them to a few more Benefices. Does any Body mind the Convocation more than formerly. The Church, the Church, was a good Cry last Election, but I'm affraid you must find out another against next time.

October. So, you intend to leave us then, now 'tis all our own, and there's nothing to do but to divide. Thou'rt a rare Manager, 'Sbud I won't lose my Market, miss this I shall never have such another.

March. Leave ye, No no, 'tis you have left your selves. The honest Principles that brought you together are ridicul'd and made a Jest of. There was nothing in your Mouths two or three Years ago but serving the Country, now 'tis serving the Crown. The very same as it was in the last long Parliament. Did you not engage with me to discover all the Rogueries of the late M — — y, and what has it all ended in.

October. You forget the Thirty five Millions, the *Agio*, and the Two and a Half.

March

March. And so have you to.

October. The Five hundred Pounds to this Man, and the Hundred Pounds to that.

March. Very well, go on.

October. Go on! 'Sbud there's enough for once. We mawld 'em and spew'd them out by Dozens.

March. You mean in by Dozens—This Sham won't take any longer; have not you read the two Letters about the Thirty five. And as to every Thing else, is not Twenty thousand Pounds more than Fifteen. The Duke of *Marlborough* had serv'd several Campaigns, and taken Towns and Provinces, yet we would not give him a Penny out of the Post-House. If any one else should be Pension'd there before a Stroke is struck, what would the Country say then? For my Part I'll keep Touch, I'll have neither Pension nor Place; I must own to you I never was for under Hand Doings; I'm Frank, I say what comes uppermost, and will act according to my Conscience. If I hate a Man, I can't flatter him, nor court if I dispise; and yet this is the very Case between you and *C,der* and *Punch*: I think myself as good by Day and by Night as either of them. I know them both to be a couple of pitiful false Hearted Fellows, and won't take their Words for a Far-thing.

October. A Whig— A very rank stinking Whig. Hast thou not read the *Conduct* and the *Remarks*—— 'Sbud he's a Cutter; and we sent them away by Horse loads.

March. Art thou such a Sot as to imagine there is a Word of Truth in 'em.

October. What care I for Truth? I'm for the Church and a Peace. Right or wrong, good or bad, I'm for——

March. I know whom—— but they shall be Nameless. Woudst thou for the sake of two or three new Friends give up the Fruits of ten Years Victory, and a hundred Millions Expence? Will any Peace do thy Business as well as theirs, Good or Bad, Right or Wrong, Protestant or Popish. What wilt thou be the better for't, if it is not a just, a lasting, and honourable One; if 'tis a Peace that will make us fear a War in a Year or two.

October. The better for it—— why we shall pay no Taxes, Boy!

March. How will you pay your Debts then?

October. That's pretty—— Pay Debts when the Work's over. What did our Country-man *Clifford* do—— Mum. We'll humble the proud Citizens, and reduce the stoutest of them from a Coach and six to a Booby Hutch. Tis a fine sight to see a Gentleman of a Thousand

a Year in a Hack, and a Citty in his gilt Chariot. I hope the Time will come, when there shan't be a Tradesman in England, but a Weaver and a Corn-Chandler,

March. And what will our Lands be worth then? What shall we do with our Lead and our Tin? Rents will rise bravely, when a Sheep is sold for Sixpence, and an Ox for a Noble, as it was before our Trading Times. Hast thou learnt no more by our Friend *Double*: He never writ so in his Life as he did upon Trade; what Harm has it done thee, that thou art always railing at it.

October. Harm, why 'tis *Dutch*, and besides it is an Enemy to the *South Sea*. It always goes against us. We were forc'd to buy it, or we could not have carry'd our Point last time. In short, it will not trust us, 'tis as bad as Credit, and Credit is as errant a Whig as ever crept out of a *Conventicle*.

March. 'Tis you make her so—— You are always threatening what you'll do her, and she's as Coy and as Timorous as a Maidenhead; *If you'll bring in no Money* said one of ye tother Day, *we'll let none go out*; You do and undo, say and unsay, there's no fixing you to any thing. Credit should have a Foundation in a Rock, not in the Power of every needy mutinous Faction to insult and weaken her. I believe she is as much Church as the Creed

is. I am for making much of her. She will side only with those that use her well.

October. How the Devil would you have us use her? Must this Man be kept in and that Man turn'd out to please her, Forsooth? Must the Crown truckle to the Bank, and we pay all the Charge of the War for fear of offending a parcel of impotent Allies, if we oblige them to come to Account with us. I had rather have no Credit at all than that so many hundred Fanatical Mechanick Rascals should get their *Plumbs* by her. I can do as well without her as with her. I have nothing to lend, and if I borrow, it must be with a Mortgage. Plague on your Credit, here is such a bustle about her, and there is hardly a Gentleman of us between *Hounslow* and the Lands-end, but what's the worse for her—— To tell you my Mind freely, Brother *March*, if the Cits are so fond of fighting still, e'en let them pay for it, we had a fling at their Bricks and Tiles, Ha——

March. Yes, and they ow'd that to a false Brother too—— But I'll warrant they remember him.

October. Owe it to whom they will, they shall have enough of it, since Peace won't go down with them. Were it in my Power, if the War lasted, there should not a Tax go further than the Penny-Post.

March.

March. I might get as much as you by that Bargain; yet I'm for doing things fairly. I have seen it in Print, that *London* in her Taxes, Customs, Excise, Tolls, and all other Duties and Payments, contributes two Millions a Year to the Publick Charge, or as much as our whole Land Tax. Faith I think that deserves Consideration. Besides, could we defend our selves without her? must we not be a Prey to the first Invader? I have thought of this more than once, Brother, and have discours'd the Matter with wiser Folks than we are. " Could we, said they, " supply our selves with Ships, Seamen, " Money, Arms and Ammunition without her Assistance? Ought we to envy " her the Fruits of her Hazards, Cares, " and Industry. 'Tis a vulgar Error that " the Head is already too big for the " Body: The bigger the better. If there " were twice the number of People of " equal use to the Publick, the Nation " would be twice the Richer. Thither " go all our Corn, Cattle and Manufactures. Twice the Number would occasion twice the Consumption, and that " would rise the value of our Lands, " proportionably to the necessity of them, " She always has been, and always will " be our best Defence in Perilous Times, " having in her self a Strength and Treasure capable to resist all the Efforts of " Foreign and Domestick Enemies. Her " Interest is the same with ours; she cannot

“ not subsist without us, nor we without
 “ her, unless we would return to our Ori-
 “ ginal *British* Barbarity. She cannot
 “ thrive but we must feel the good Ef-
 “ fects. Nor can she ever be Sick and
 “ Consumptive, but we must languish and
 “ partake in all her good and bad Fortune.
 This they said, and truly I had not a Word
 to say against it.

October. 'Sbud I would have inform'd —
 Don't tell me of saying against it. If we
 should be oblig'd to answer every prating
 Coxcomb we should have a fine time of it.
 I'd have told them they Ly'd, and that
 they were a Company of Fanaticks, Ene-
 mies to the Church and the M——

March. You have alter'd your Stile within
 these few Days.

October. And you Mr *March*, have alter'd
 your Mind too. Have you so soon for-
 got the Visitation Sermon. The Parson of
 of *St. Peters Poor* could not have read a
 more Schismatical Lesson upon *London*.
 Did not our Doctor call it a Seat of Re-
 bellion, and a Nursery of Schism? Did
 he not tell us Trade was in it self Facti-
 ous, and Antimonarchical. I heard it a hun-
 dred times before.

March. Thou hast not been so often at
 Church since the *Restoration*.

October. I never in my Life mist a Thir-
 tieth of *January*; but that is nothing to the
 Purpose. I don't trouble my Head about
London, let her pay what we would have
 her, and do as she did last time, I am sa-
 tisfy'd

tisfy'd, especially now I suppose we shall have none of her Emissaries working among us on a Dissolution. Three hundred a Year *Terre Firma* ; 'Sbud 'twas a Clinker was it not, *March* ?

March. I'm as much concern'd, and therefore wish as well to the Land Interest as you can ; however I do not, when I say the Land Interest intend any thing else but the Interest of Land. No Party Interest, no Personal Interest. I have divested my self entirely of all Prejudices and Partiality. I care not for those Persons, nor these Persons. I see through the Practices and Pretences of some Men ; and whenever they mean themselves or you mean them, I have done with ye, I will for the future side with such only as are for the good of the Commonwealth.

October. Damn a Commonwealth, I hate every thing that belongs to it.

March. Hast thou never lookt into the Chronicle ? King *James* the First always call'd his Kingdom the Commonwealth and so I mean it.

October. What care I what you mean ? I tell you I hate a Commonwealth as I hate Hell, and would rather be a Papist than a Republican.

March. Thy Head is a little out of Order, thou wer't either too late at the *Fountain* last Night, or thy hopes of Preferment have crackt thee. To humour thee, I am for the good of the Kingdom, of the Monarchy

narchy for pulling down the *French Tyrant*.

October. Hold, Sir, Pray speak respectfully of a Crown'd Head.

March. Well Sir I am for obliging his *Most Christian Majesty* to do himself and the World Justice, and keep a thousand Oaths he has been endeavouring to break. In a Word, I am for securing the Liberties of *Europe* to us and to our Posterity. Call your Allies to Account, make the Emperor pawn all he has to the Throne he sits upon. Be as good Husbands as you can; make as Beneficial Treaties for our Commerce as possible. God speed ye, you have my Heart and Hand: But I'm for no tricking. I am not for quarrelling with the *Dutch* to forward an ill Peace, and then saying 'tis about the Barrier. I am not for crying out against the Emperor for not doing what he could not do, to make him compound with *France* for *Spain* and the *Indies*. I am not for condemning Persons Arbitrarily, nor conniving at those Things in some which were unpardonable Crimes in others. In a Word, I'm for the Ballance in all Things.

October. You would put the Church into Scale, and the Conventicle into another, very well—— But 'tis not come to that yet. We'll keep the Fanaticks under as long as I live, and by the next Age there will not be one in *Britain*.

March.

March. Again with the Church, I'm as much an Enemy to Fanaticism as ever thou wer't, and will go as far as thee at any time to advance the Church Interest; but what's all this to the Business, what has the Church of *England* to do with the *French* King? Has she any need of his Help? Would she not be sure of a good Friend in him if she wanted one? I tell thee once for all, that whenever I hear that Word come out of some People's Mouths, I know full well 'tis least in their Hearts. Thou knowst too that I know it, and if thou hast nothing else to say, prithee keep it for the Parson of * *Kilmington*.

October. The short and the long is this. If you pretend to be Impartial, the Whigs will fall in with you, and our side sinks for ever. 'Tis a folly to dissemble, they have beaten the *French* bravely, and made the *Q—n's* Reign as famous as our fifth *Harry's* was; they are as good Churchmen and as loyal Subjects as we are, and have this Advantage of us, that there is not a *Non Furor* among them. We have them all with us, and in Troth I am not sorry for it, we may fare the better one time or other. If we do not stand hard and fast by one another, they'll join with the weakest and we lose our Ground again; this is the whole Dispute, if we once lose it we

* Hill, Archdeacon of W—s.

shall never recover it: we shall then be made to answer for the breaking off the *Gertruydenbergh* Treaty, the continuance of the VVar, the ruin of Credit, a Correspondence with *France*, for loosning the Confederacy, for all the Lies and Scandal of our Scribblers, for—— but I don't love to think of that, that was too bold; it could not be helpt, we had gone too far to look back. The Politicians say, every Government is best supported by the Means that establish'd it. You know what were the Means we made use of, and faith we have no other; we must rail on and lye on, we have nothing else for't, and if we are not true to our selves, we are undone. The first Breach among us is fatal, the Adversary is upon the watch, and you'l fare as I, if ever the old Folks get in again.

March. I perceive that's all with you; 'tis who's in and who's out; I'll be free, Brother *October*; it is all one to me who are the Men, if the Q——n's and the Nation's Business be well done. I will for the future judge of Ministers by their Actions, and not their Party, and of those that are in, as well as those that are out. Their Titles and Dignities shall not hinder me. Whenever the Publick is ill serv'd, it will cry out; People will reflect on the Administration of Affairs. If Ministers do well they shall have my Word at all times be they who they will, if otherwise they shall

shall hear of it. The Q—ns Service and that of the Nation is not to be trifled with for the sake of particular Persons, of whom I would sacrifice a hundred, rather than my Country should be a Sufferer. I will countenance no Men, nor no Men in Injustice, Violence, Deceit, Insolence and Ingratitude; if I ador'd such Persons before I discover'd it, I should afterwards detest them, and let them look about them. The best and greatest Men have not, as we find by History, been able to withstand the shocks of Fortune, what a terrible Reflection must this be for such as tempt her without Merit. How I may fare I don't consider—— I will be just and honest, do nothing for Profit or Honour, have always the Publick Good in view, and trust wholly to my Innocence and Disinterest.

October. You are very Philosophical, and talk like an old *Roman*.

March. You might say like an old *Whig*, for there is nothing in that Name which I am ashamed of.

October. Was not that clever? There is no real Difference between an old *Whig* and a new. We divided them our selves to be quits with them for their *High Church* and *Low*, and it had a very good Effect too. All of them who were disgusted because they had not Places which
D 2 they

they were not fit for, and did not deserve, call'd themselves as we did, old *Whigs*; so we got them, hug'd them, and have kept them ever since: Now they make us as staunch *Tories* as any of the Club. They have forgot their Fanatical Education, and are as high as the highest; yet under the Name of old *Whigs*, they hope to keep up a *Noncon* Interest. Ye Gad, if thou art an old *Whig*, as we call them now adays, I like thee as well as ever; for they have been as serviceable to us on more occasions than one, as ever were the *Nonjurors* and *Papists*.

March. I'm an old *Whig* in *Tom Dauble's* Sense. I have his Book about me, I'll read what he says of them, and to that I subscribe. 'Tis in his Discourse of *Private Mens Duty in the Administration of Publick Affairs*. "They were term'd *Whigs*,
 " says he and indeed they call'd themselves
 " so, who under another Name had heretofore oppos'd the corrupt and illegal
 " Proceedings of the Court, who foresaw
 " the Dangers that would arise from a
 " *Catholick* King, who were for correcting
 " the Exorbitances of *Westminster-Hall* and
 " for putting a stop to extravagant Fines,
 " and who made a Resolute Stand, and
 " would give no more Money till the
 " *Habeas Corpus* Act was passed, and till
 " the new raised Army was disbanded;
 " who did their utmost against the surrender and regulating Charters; who
 " decla-

“ declared themselves against taking off
 “ the *Penal Laws and Test*; who shew’d an
 “ open dislike in Parliament of *Papists*
 “ being put in Places of Trust; who op-
 “ posed the violent Prosecution of the
 “ seven Bishops; and lastly, who were
 “ ready and active with their Councils
 “ and Assistance to bring over the *Re-*
 “ *deemer of England*. These Persons now
 “ described were the old *Whigs*, whose
 “ Principles will be reverenc’d by future
 “ Ages by all such as love their Coun-
 “ try, for their Fore-sight and Courage
 “ has hitherto preserved *England*.

October. ‘Sbud that is all Republican. A
Dutchman could not have writ worse—
 I would as soon be a *Fifth Monarchist* as an
 old *Whig*, if that is the description of one.
 A pretty Fancy this— A Man must do
 all for his Country, and his Country do no-
 thing for him. I have us’d as much of this
 Cant as any Body; it does very well at an
 Assizes or Quarter Sessions— What says
 he of the honest old *Tories*; *Tom’s* a smart
 Fellow in the main, but he’s damnably
 out there. ‘Tis not like his *Whiglove* and
 his *Comeover*.

March. Why of you *staunch Tories*, he
 says in the same Discourse, “ They had
 “ no good Intention to the Publick; they
 “ were for enlarging the Prince’s Power
 “ in order to augment their own. They
 “ were for robbing the People, that they
 “ might

" might share the Plunder; they would
 " have set the King above the Laws, that
 " they might never be accountable to a
 " Parliament for their Proceedings, and
 " pretending a great Zeal for the Church,
 " were all the while making way for Popery
 " How d'ye like this, Sir

October. Faith very well, I see no hurt in
 it. I'll keep to my Party, let them do
 what they will. They'll have the Church
 of their side, and then are sure to be the
 strongest.

March. You shall have one thing more
 out of *Double*, and then we'll have done with
 him. " At such a Time, *he says*, the best
 " Men of both sides must shake Hands to-
 " gether with a Resolution to withstand
 " the unanimous, subtle and diligent E-
 " nemies of the Kingdom. As to your
 having the Church always with you, you
 may be mistaken as you were at the *Re-*
volution. You may pretend to the Name,
 but when 'tis found you have nothing else,
 itw ll be of no use to you.

October. Use to us, we'll make more of it
 than the *Whigs* did of their Revolution, their
Blenheims or their *Ramellies*. Mr. *March*,
 he's a Fool that is out of the Fashion; he
 that won't have a whole Place has half a
 one; but 'sbud half or whole, I would not
 be asham'd to own it. I think *Ralph's* in
 the

the wrong — I'll lend my Name to a Thousand a Year at any time.

March. I'm not at all surpris'd at it, it has been so common among you to rail at Places at Home, and brigue for 'em in Town. Never were the *Juncto* so greedy of them as you; never did they so engross all. You have reduc'd the Circle to half the Compass, within which none are suffer'd but whom two or three of you please. The rest are kept in a Slavish Dependance. If ever I court a Man, he shall have something valuable in him. He shall have Birth, Fortune, Honour, Worth and Publick Spirit; if he has not I don't mind what you call him. I presently strip him in my Imagination of all his Accidental Ornaments, and set him naked before me, which immediately prevents the Adoration that I was about paying to the Idol.

October. Mad, downright mad — I know not a Word he says, he has met with a rare Tutor somewhere.

March. I see nothing then but a worthless contemptible Creature, whom Luck has set in a Light that makes him glare to weak Eyes; but the strong perceive 'tis all a false Lustre, a Tinsel Greatness, the Pomp of the Stage, where the Tricks and Success of the first Acts make us impatient for the last. I laugh at the Merit that's discover'd by Fortune, and yet is worshipp'd as if

if it was solid and substantial. Thus a crafty misterious Character is cry'd up for Wise and Politick; a Bold and Prodigal one for Generous and Brave; a Pert and Lewd for Gay and Witty, and all the Vices are confounded with the Virtues.

October. This is meer Cant, damn'd Whiggish Conventicle Cant. What care I for the Vices and Vertues. I'm for mumbling the Whigs; we'll make them pay for what's Past; we'll give them a Vomit. Another Resumption e'faith! We hamper'd them purely in *Ireland*. 'Twas Twenty thousand Pounds a Year got with a wet Finger.

March. There it is again—— You'l go Snacks, or there's no resuming. I shall never be the Richer for old Grants nor new Grants, and don't trouble my self about your Resumptions; if the Crown gets by it in Money more than it loses in Interest, I am satisfy'd, but, as I told you, I am for the Ballance. What hurt did the Revolution do you, that you must stick there still? Should King *James's* Bounty to those that betray'd our Constitution be held more sacred than King *William's* to those that redeem'd it. Oh how you cry'd him up. *He was a saving King, a careful King, an Exchequer King.* He laid out his Money on a good Fleet and a good Army, to secure our Religion and Liberties. We were mightily oblig'd to him, and it had been

been a most ungrateful Thing to look into the Post-Office Books, and see whom he granted the Thousands to. We should find them all Patriots ; none of the high Commission Court in the List. Fye fye, Brother ! a Noble Lord, one of your Friends, is said to have spoken very elegantly somewhere, *What's good for the Goose is good for the Gander*, keep to that. Do what you will that's Just, but let not your Justice have but one Eye. If you go that way to work, you'll come off as you have always done hitherto, with Disgrace, and your Turn will be no longer than the last.

October. Therefore 'tis we make Hay. We could stay no longer. You are no stranger to our Affairs ; 'twas high Time for us to get something or another ; some of us were come to our last Hundred, and we should have been forc'd to mortgage over again.

March. You speak plain — And truly you may very well do it ; for so the Case is, only I can't but wonder that you who are of late so well accommodated, should hope to fix your selves by a *French* Peace, when those who went before you could not stand fast in a Victorious War. Do not you imagine that the Nation will then have leisure to reflect on the Advantages of the one, and the Disadvantages of the other ? By the latter, if ever it should happen, which God forbid,

France will be more spirited than she was by all her Successes in King *William's* War. She will comfort herself with this, that whenever her Arms fail, she has a sure Resource in her Arts, which operate no where so successfully as in *England*. I have often consider'd to my self, what Transport it must be to the Old Monarch, that his Fame will be greater after a hundred Defeats than it was in the midst of Victory. What room will his Historians and Flatterers have to praise his Wisdom, which renders him more Invincible than ever his Power did: And thus the Prince whom the Confederate Armies had reduc'd to the meanest and most wretched Condition that ever a great King was brought to, will in his Doatage find himself possess'd at once of better Means to acquire the Universal Monarchy, and of a higher Reputation than he had in the Vigour of his Manhood,—— All Thanks to

October. Ay, ay, preach on—— What should we have got by the War but Blows and Debts? Let the Nation think of that, and not mind other Folks Business——

March. You would by the War have got a Just, Lasting and Honourable Peace; a Peace for your Posterity. You would have come off with so much Glory, that all *Europe* would have been ready to joyn with

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with you at any time to league against any encroaching Power. Can you expect, if you abandon the Confederates, when their Armies were almost at the Gates of *Paris*, and the *French* King must have agreed to whatever you demanded of him; when you were better able to continue the War than any of them; had a flourishing Credit, a Wise and Experienc'd Ministry, a General who had outdone all Heroes in History, can you expect they will ever trust you again, till they and you are in the last Despair, and they are sure your own certain Prospect of Misery and Slavery will keep you Honest? Can you blame them for leaving you to work yourselves through the danger that may attend your Folly and your Madness. If you should undo, by a Scandalous Treaty, all that was done in ten Glorious Campaigns.

October. Confederates ——— I wish we had never heard of the Name of them. We have been beating our Brains out against Stone Walls, to take Towns and Countries for them. I wish we had kept to our floating Castles, our Walls of Oak. We might have defy'd all the World. The *Dutch* grow rich by the War, and would have no End of it. They'l be too many for us, if we don't look about us ——— They hate us, because we are for Monarchy and Episcopacy; 'sbud, *Amboyna* a'ways runs in my Mind — And *Chatham* too, and the *Fishery* ——— Confede-

sates, quoth-a, I wish we do not rue the Day we had any thing to do with them.

March. I wish we don't rue the Day .:. . but least said is soonest mended. This is like all the rest, the *Dutch* grow rich by the War, we are abus'd and beggar'd. Now you must know, good Sir, that I have a Friend who understands that Matter better than you or I, and is just come from *Holland*. He tells me, that the *Dutch* ow'd a hundred Millions at the *Ryswick* Peace, and that this very Year their Payments amount in all to Ten Shillings in the Pound. As for those Stone Walls you speak of, the *French* King will give you *Spain* and the *Indies* for them, as mean as you make of them. Our Walls of Oak are, I allow you, our surest Defence; but if the *French* had over run all on the other side of the Water, which before this War he might have done in a Campaign or two, had we not helpt them what would have become of us and our floating Castles, witness *Bantry* and *Beachy*? When he was Master of the *Dutch* Ports and Shipping, he would soon have been Master of ours. As for the *Dutch*, if we did not want them, I have an old grudge at my Heart as well as you — And no doubt they have their Reasons too to grumble at us for something. However, since we cannot preserve our Liberties, nor they theirs, but by being true one to

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another. Let old Matters be forgotten, I say, let's look forward, and not ruin our selves out of spite to them.

October. Thou art damnably learned since last Session; 'sbud I hate Learning, I never read any thing but the *Post Boy* and the *Examiner*; thou hast been poring over a parcel of *Whig* Pamphlets, and hast got them by Heart; and though I can't answer thee, I can yea and nay, and that's enough.

March. Then you do nothing for Reason or Conscience sake. I am sorry there should be a Creature in *England* so blind to its Interest. I believe if you would be cool for Four and twenty Hours and inform your self of the Truth, you would not run in with the Pack so furiously as you have done lately. What you do is out of Prejudice, Humour or Avarice, Noble Motives truly. You are prejudic'd against People, and yet know not for what. You will go so and so, because such and such do. As for Money, that's worse than all the rest. You would cut my Throat, if I should say you would sell your Country, Religion, and Liberty. I should deserve it; yet if contrary to your Judgment, you should do things which have that Tendency, what will it be else? And what a Bargain to add four or five hundred Pounds a Year

Year more to your Estate, and make the whole Precarious, which will be the effect of an Insecure Peace, of the growth of the *French* Power, and consequently of our Fears of the Pretender.

October. What can I lose? I have not a Groat in the Funds.

March. And therefore out of the Abundance of thy Honesty and Humanity, thou dost not care what become of them. As long as we have the Blessing of Her Majesty's Reign, we shall be safe from *France*, and the Chevalier: But dost thou think when our Sins shall deprive us of that Blessing, and *France* has by her Artifices broken the Confederacy; when the Allies are separated in Disgust, and the *French* King or his Successor has recovered their late Losses, as they will do twenty Years sooner than we and the Confederates can; dost thou think that Court will lose so fair an Opportunity of surprizing us, and securing to itself a Kingdom which brought its own Monarchy into such Peril? Are we a Match for the *French*? And with what Face can we ask the *Dutch* for the Guaranty of the Protestant Succession, after we have made such a Jest of it? Prithee Brother, consider these Things, and then I question not but that thou wilt be of my Mind; for when thou wer't sober,
I have.

I have heard thee talk as much like an
Englishmen as any Body.

October. There's Poyson in thee ———
Thou wilt Infect me ——— Faith I must to
the *Fountain*, and drink it out of my Head.
I'll have t'other Touch with thee in a Day
or two.

F I N I S.

...and the talk as much like an
...any body.

...There's Poplar in the
...while I was in the
...and drink is out of my head
...have a better time in a Day



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